

Supposed

by Flowercrowne

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Summary: Bella never fit the mold of society. She wasn't the norm or mundane, she was Bella. Simply a girl that fell for a pretty face, and she wished she listened to her friends warnings of the Cullen Family. "Suppose, I was never the person I was. Suppose, I was the one I wanted to be. No pink dress, a black jacket instead. My feet are now on the ground, and I see the light, fuckers."

1. Prolouge

A/N: This is my first story on Fanfiction, but not my first story as I also have a Tumblr blog dedicated to the Fiction of Assassin's Creed. If you want to check them out to my name there is a-line-of-rooks! Thank you guys for checking this story out.

As a young naive girl I read the Meyer books and I noticed how low Bella put herself, how she was made to crave love after caring for her mother. In reality, she would not crave it, she would be full of it as her maternal instincts would allow her to see the love everything around her. If she were as mature the book says she is, she would move on and not pine.

And I just hate Edward...No offence to the Eddie-boy lovers.

!

I watched as the bastard left, I watched as he left me here, I watched as he told me I was nothing but a simple distraction from the mundane life he was made to live.

I hope you fucking burn, Cullenâ€|

In a fit of anger I left the trail, intent on finding the best outlet for my anger. As I stomped on, I failed to realize that the sun touched the opposite side of the world. The darker it got, the colder

I became. It soon became too cold to move and I took a spot on the moist ground, still fuming over the boy of a man that left me here in first place.

I sat, staring into the trunk of a dead tree, hoping for nothing else to happen. I was already too cold, I could feel my body begin to freeze. My fingers were stiff, my nose as bright as the deer from the Christmas carolsâ€|

Rudolf? Was that the Christmas Carol?

As I thought over the carol tune a light rain began to start. I couldn't feel it from the yellow rain coat I had on, till I moved my damp hair.

The weather man from this morning did predict a slight chance of rain around 11 tonightâ€|

Was it 11 o'clock? Had I been lost for 7 hours? No, someone should have found me by now, right? The more I questioned, the more tired became. I tried to keep it at bay, I knew that if that I fell asleep I could never wake up again. I could slip into a coma, and never see Charlie ground me for being out that late. I could never hear Renee talk about her trips around the world. I would never see Angela, my best friend, say how bad Edfuck was for me. I would never see Jacob, though I could possibly live with that.

But the thoughts caused me to finally cryâ€| I released all the pent up emotions I had, I beat the poor ground with my weak fist. I finally fell asleep, barely aware of the sudden warmth that held me. I just had one final thought in mindâ€|

I fucking hate the Cullens...

2. Sparkle Fucks Clarified

A/N; I reread over the prologue, and my pandora channel decided it was the right time to play 'Say something' I cried manâ€|

Onto a lighter note, I am so frickin happy you guys are following my story, it makes me smile and squeal in delight!

Enjoy and give me ideas to bounce on! Any questions are welcome, and don't feel bad for giving criticism!

I allowed myself a week to repair. One week to get myself together, one week that began to seem too long. I knew what to feel when speaking the name _Cullen, _a red hot anger that could never be put out. I knew what to feel when saying their names _Carlisle, the doctor/ father that abandoned me; Esme, the pretend mom that gave me hope to only rip it the hell out; Alice, the pixie-bitch that couldn't take no for answer; Jasper, the "God of War" that seemed to be a trophy more than a husband and mate; Rosalie, just an ice-queen bitch that needs to be bitch-slapped with her own hand; Emmet, the one that called himself the brother and still abandoned me._

And Edward, the name even gives me the best ways of killing this 'Sparkle-fuck'.

Edward was a boy, not the monstrous man he claimed to be. He said he was dangerous, I was more dangerous on my cycle than he was. Ask Charlie, I once threw a pot of boiling water at him when he told me I was out of Pamprin.

Edward was a pinch in my nerves, always dictating what I wore. "Bella isn't that shirt a little too short, go change it's not proper for a lady", dick- did I ever say I was a well-rounded lady? Fuck no, I curse worse than a sailor on leave. He told me what to eat, "...and she will have the salad" "

Ha, no | I like my food pink in the middle.

He told me he knew everything about me |

What's my favorite color? "Blue" No, it's purple |

What's my favorite type of food? "Vegetarian" Nooooope, that rump of cow |

What's my favorite book? "Wuthering Heights" Bitch, you got me there |

What the fuck did I see in you? "..." What no answer? Surprise, surprise |

I know what I saw...A perfect face. Someone that saw me and not what I gave out. He saw me, he paid attention to me. He was mysterious, he was different than the other people around me. The center of gossip, that's what his family was, before I found out there dirty little secret. He gave me what I most desired, a family that would care for me.

Well fuck them and their sparkly asses |

I look over the whole relationship, and guess what I found | The poison label hidden under the pretty cover.

They found me at my most vulnerable state, fresh from a flaky mom and new step-dad. They used my need for a family and stable life against me. They showed me their world, tethering me to them. They brought me trouble with a redhead and bad grudges. They threw money in my face, spoiling me to stay. I was not the drug, they were. They knew if they left so soon, I would fall and crash, break. And if they came back, I would be on them like a whore with a condom. They planned it all...

And I realized that they're the worse of the food chain |

I'm Bella fucking Swan, and that was not who I was |

They changed me for worse, and left me with a shit hole to climb out of.

Who the fuck does that?

A/N: I'm sorry these chapters are so short, the longer I keep the story on I will work on the chapters...

3. The whole nine yards

I DO NOT OWN TWILIGHT OR THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

Special thanks to all that have followed this story, favorited this story, and made me one of their favorite authors!

.7334

polly2010

01Katie

A/N: Hey guys this one is a little early but I had the best ideas all day!

On the last day of 'Weeping Week' my friend Angela burst through my door. She came in with an unknown anger a preacher's daughter could have. The look scared me shitlessâ€¦ Angela's blacken hair was as limp as mine, her eyes were bloodshot and still held the anger of before, her face was sunken in, all-in-all she looked like meâ€¦

Angela flopped onto my king sized bed, her frame jumping up and down. Her hands trailed her face, stopping to rub her tired eyes-only then did I notice the missing glasses- and they stopped moving as they reached the small widow's peak of her hair.

"I fucking hate boys...I'm thinking of going lesbian, and burning a building. That sounds niceâ€¦"

I couldn't fucking agree moreâ€¦

"Boys suck assâ€¦"

And I laid down with her, our heads touching and hair mingling together.

"Why do you hate men, Ang?"

The curiosity was gnawing at my brain to find out why.

"Ben cheated on me, with Jessica -fucking-Stanley. I caught them in the Movie Theatre, the one in Port Angeles, sucking facesâ€¦I was right next to them, I didn't even know who they were till the movie lights came back on. Ben had his hand up her fucking two inch skirt...And I didn't do anything to make myself known, I just left and texted Ben the next day that it was over. He didn't even ask why."

She took a deep breathe to calm herself. Her hands began to shake and tremble, so I took one into mine and rubbed her knuckles.

"That happened four days ago...But then two days after I found them, Jessica apparently dropped him of a cliff and said 'bye bitch'. She left him, and he came crawling back to me. I hadn't told my parents of what had happened, they just thought it was teenage hormones that caused all the crying, and then Ben came to my house. Daddy, being the good little preacher he is, let him in and allowed him to go to

my room. When Ben came in I screamed at him, I called him a 'fucking man-whore that should go jump off a fucking pier'. Dad came in and said that kind of language wasn't allowed in his home.

I tried explaining it to them, that I found Ben shaking it up with Stanley. But they wouldn't listen, they kept saying that 'Ben's a good man, that he wouldn't do something like. He's a good christianâ€¦' and Ben gobbled it the fuck up. He made it seem like I was attention fishing and that him and Jessica went to the movies as friends. He even said that I was OK with it.

I left, I packed up a bag that night and fucking I left. I couldn't deal with them all anymore, they just pushed me and I panicked. Bella I don't think I could go backâ€¦"

I sat up and wrapped my arms around her thin frame.

"Where have you been for the last two days? Where did you stay?"

My anger was rocketing for her, and me in a way. I couldn't believe it, that someone could hurt this precious girl.

"I was staying in a motel, the one near the dinner? It looks sketchy as fuck, but it's cheap and there's a plus...No bed bugs!"

Heaven almighty, I could taste the sarcasm in the air. It was that thickâ€¦

"Why do you hate men, I know Edward left and allâ€¦"

I could tell she was confused, so I told herâ€¦.Everything. A-to-fucking-Z.

I told her from the beginning, how they came into the cafeteria. Told her how I saw the car-lot accident, how weird it was. I told her about the shopping trip, how Edfuck came to 'save me'. I told her of the day in the woods, when he told me he was a 100-year-old virgin(we both laughed our asses off). Then came the time of the 'delightful 18th birthday party', the attack. The baseball game, the week in the hospital. I told her of how he left me in the woods. Ange was told the whole nine-yards, I could keep a cookie from her and she would sniff it out.

"There's one last thing I didn't tell you about, Angeâ€¦"

I could feel my hands begin to sweat in nerves and of fear to her reaction.

"What's worse, what could possibly be worse?! I already feel the urge to punch a wall out! GOD, MEN ARE SUCH DICK'S!"

How to break this in lightly?...

"_Um...Icky-Vicky still wants my head, and the Sparkle-Fucks left me to deal with it on my ownâ€¦"_

"_That's it, I am officially a lesbian.."_

It was finally the weekend, after days of make-up work and pushing my ass to get my grades up, I was able to re-laxe. I could imagine it

now, sun on my toes, a martini in hand, and the newest Vogue magazine.

But I knew, just knew, that wasn't going to fucking happen.

Saturday morning came by with a rap on the front door, disrupting my needed beauty sleep. I walked down the stairs, a stumble here and there, in my favorite bunny slippers. My worn hoodie hung from my fingers, my sleeping shorts were half pulled down, and I couldn't care less. Whoever knocked on my door was going to get the biggest can of whoop-ass ever.

"Swan, what the hell are you doing! You were supposed to pick me at 10 this morning, where the hell were you?"

Ah- yes the ferocious Angela Weber in her natural state...Bossier and Bitchier than ever

"As you can tell, I am still in my jam-jams and I didn't hear my phone go off. Ok, I did, but I hit snooze a few dozen times to shut it off. Good Lord, that look can burn Hades him-fucking-self!"

Angela was a scary being

She pushed me up the stairs and into my bathroom. A stern look on her face got me set on ridding me of clothes, I could hear it now 'B, get in the fucking shower, or I will strip you naked and throw you outside' She would, almost did it before.

I stepped into the shower and turned the nozzle, the cold water hitting me for a moment and then turned hot. I liked my water hot enough to melt my skin off. Bad habit-I know

It was a short shower, I came out smelling like a fresh mango. My hair felt heavy on top of my head, but it was a good feeling.

Stepping into the colder air of my room, caused goose-bumps to litter my skin. I cursed, as I had just shaved my legs and now had little hairs back to 'protect' me from my coldish room. Ange had set out my outfit of the day. It was nice, not too showy-but just enough to get a stare.

A white, halved, knitted sweater. It came to my mid-drift, but covered my fully grown 36C breasts. The sweater was paired with a maroon flared skater skirt, A-line and super comfy. My jewelry consisted of a fox pendant necklace that set right under the swell of my breasts. A light blue Analogue ladies wrist watch. My shoes, sorel 1964-wedge booties.

You could say that I was out with the old and in with the new

End
file.